

A New SONG.

Being a SECOND PART to the same
Tune of *Lillibullero*, &c.

A Treaty's on foot, look about *English* Boys,
Stop a Bad Peace as soon as you can;
A Peace, which our *Hanover's* Title destroys,
And shakes the high Throne of Our Glorious Queen *ANNE*.
Over, over, *Hanover*, over,
Haste and assist our Queen and our State;
Hast over, *Hanover*, fast as you can over;
Put in your Claim, before 'tis too late.

A Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends;
The States, to uphold the Protestant Line;
If a Bad Peace is made, that Bargain then ends,
And spoils Her good Majesty's gallant Design.
Over, over, &c.

A Creature there is, that goes by more Names
Than ever an honest Man could, shou'd or wou'd;
And I wish we don't find him an arrant King *James*
Whene'er he peeps out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

The *Dauphin* of *France* to a Monastery went
To visit the Mother of him aforesaid;
He with'd her much Joy, and he left her Content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may guess,
So welcome must be to her and her Lad:
And let any Man say it, if we can do less
Than be very sorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

Whoe'er is in Place, I care not a fig;
Nor will I decide 'twixt High-Church and Low:
'Tis now no Dispute between *Tory* and *Whig*,
But whether a Popish Successor, or No.
Over, over, &c.

Our Honest Allies this Peace does explain,
Of which our *French* Foes so loudly do boast;
But I hope, if they reckon on *India* and *Spain*,
They reckon without consulting their Host.
Over, over, &c.

Or else we must bid farewell to our Trade,
Whatever fine Tales some People have told;
For whene'er a Peace of that Nature is made,
We shall send out no Wool, nor bring home no Gold.
Over, over, &c.

Then wage on the War, Boys, with all your Might,
Our Taxes are great, but our Danger's not small;
We'd better be half Undone, than be quite;
As half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all.
Over, over, &c.

F I N I S.